

THE
SABBATH SCHOOL VISITANT.

NUMBER EIGHT.

UTICA, N. Y. DECEMBER 25, 1824.

OUR patrons will expect some explanation of our object, in giving them two numbers of the VISITANT at once. This explanation we will briefly give.—When the VISITANT was commenced, our highest expectation, of a pecuniary kind, was, that its income would be sufficient to defray the actual expense of printing, paper, and some other incidental necessities. In this we have not been disappointed. Our receipts have been just about equal to our expenses. But the time and trouble of editing and publishing,—for which we expected nothing, and in which our expectations have been *fully realized*,—have been found to exceed very much our original calculation : so much so, indeed, that all our receipts would be little more than a reasonable compensation for our time and trouble. We have therefore concluded, as we were disposed to give our subscribers all their due, to issue two numbers monthly, until the volume shall be completed. This is in order to conclude the work in its present form as soon as possible, that arrangements may be made for publishing it in such a manner, as shall render it less burdensome to the publishers.

We hope, however, our patrons will not do us the injustice, to suppose we regret having engaged in the work. We have the confidence of its having been useful in the cause to which it is devoted,—and this gives us a rich satisfaction. We have only to lament our incompetency to fill so responsible a station ; while we cannot but express our pleasure, in being employed as the humble instruments of usefulness.

The VISITANT will probably be continued another year ; for we believe the interests of Sabbath Schools in this part of the country, depend, in no inconsiderable degree, upon such a work. Our patronage thus far has been as liberal as we had anticipated : to our patrons we express our warmest gratitude ; and of them respectfully ask, in behalf of the cause, the continuance of their support.

UTICA UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.

THE last Sabbath School Concert in this place, was attended as usual, by a good number of teachers. We were animated by the thought that we were not alone. Hundreds, we trust, were in concert with us, lifting up their importunities to the great Redeemer, and receiving strength from Him through whom we can do all things.

Some remarks were made upon the immediate influence of the Sabbath School on teachers and parents. The teacher who is faithful, finds himself obliged to be a student. He must be acquainted with the Sacred Volume, or he cannot teach it. He must be able to instruct his pupils in their studies, or he cannot be useful to them. He therefore feels himself *driven* to the acquisition of divine knowledge,—and this is found to be no small advantage, encumbered

as we are, with infirmities and sins. The hours spent in the Sabbath School, are therefore found, by the faithful teacher, to be most wisely spent for his own improvement.

The influence on parents is also great. They hear from their children, what is said and done at the School, and often have the words of a pious teacher to his pupils, been the means of converting parents to God. An interesting anecdote was related to confirm this fact.—Mr. H. was an intelligent man, and a speculative believer in the Christian religion; yet he was far from righteousness. He openly violated the Sabbath, and fearlessly profaned the name of God. His little son, a child about nine years of age, attended the Sabbath School. One evening on his return home, "Father" said he, "my teacher tells me that wicked people will go to hell;—will they go there, father?" The father told him he supposed they would. "Well, father," said he, "who are wicked people?" They are such" answered the father, "as tell lies, swear, get drunk, and break the Sabbath."—"Father" said the child, "I have heard you swear." This was an unexpected reproof. The father was deeply affected by it, and resolved that his son should never hear him swear again. He, however, in a few weeks forgot his resolution, and in presence of the child, uttered some profane expressions. In the evening, as the little boy was about going to bed, he seemed to linger, and it was evident his mind was in deep uneasiness. The father asked him what was the matter.—"Father" said the child, "I am afraid you will go to hell—for you said folks who swore would go there." These words were like a dagger to the father's heart. He endeavored in vain, for a long time to stifle his convictions, till at length he cried for mercy, repented of his sins, and was numbered with the followers of the Lamb. The person who related this circumstance, was acquainted with the father who is the subject of it, and testified to his being a reformed and pious man.

Some interesting debate was had, at this meeting, on the subject of certain arrangements to be made in our own schools; after which it was observed by one, that he felt rejoiced to see the Superintendents appear determined on having a new order of things for the present quarter. He most sincerely hoped they would accomplish their purposes. He believed, also, he spoke the feelings of all the teachers, when he declared it to be their united and earnest wish. Our Superintendents, said he, are invested with high authority over the schools. We have given them power to remove the evils and supply the defects of our system. We are united in submitting to their authority, and, commonly, in carrying into effect their measures. The welfare of the school must depend, in a great measure, upon them, and to them, chiefly, must be imputed, the blame of mismanagement. The speaker would by no means say any thing against our Superintendents. They had conducted the schools with wisdom, and under their direction we had been highly prospered. We have indeed reason to congratulate ourselves on our flourishing condition. But still there were defects in our system,—and defects in a beautiful thing, we more deeply regret, and more ardently wish to have supplied, than in those things which are almost all deformity.

From the American S. School Magazine.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

WANTED,—From January, 1825, to the end of the world,

A VAST number of young men and women of "a right spirit," who are not afraid of work; sober, watchful, diligent and persevering—"not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit." In character, meek, patient, and humble, "studying to show themselves approved unto God,"—such as need not be ashamed of their work,"—"apt to teach,"—in meekness instructing the blind and ignorant, till they, through repentance, shall acknowledge the truth. No idlers—no sluggards—none that "putting their hand to the plough will look back," but such as will find it "meat and drink to do their Master's will." Plenty of work!—Powerful enemies to subdue—great opposition and difficulties to encounter—sin and its attendant wretchedness gaining ground daily with alarming strides—THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS, *perishing for lack of wisdom*, many eager to hear and learn the words of eternal life—in some places fifty or sixty collected together, and none to teach them!—Hark!—The groans of deep distress from the wretched abodes of poverty and want.—See pale sickness, stretched languishing on the humble couch of miserable straw.—See the death-struck sinner—alarmed at the approach of the king of terrors—with pallid countenance he stretches his nerveless arm, and calls for the soft hand of humanity and Christian love to wipe off the tear of anguish, and point to the realms of endless life and bliss. From your lethargy, ye lazy Christians, arouse! and come to your work. Let none say, "I pray thee have me excused; I cannot come." Such as thus plead, let them call to mind their divine instructions—"To do good and to communicate forget not," "for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." Such as cannot give, may lend—their time—their money—or their talents of wisdom; and they shall be repaid, receiving fourfold, "good measure meted unto them, pressed down, and running over." If not a talent of gold, give a talent of silver; or, as the poor widow, bestow thy two mites into the treasury of the Lord. Something *must* be done—the foundation is laid on "the precious corner stone," and the building must be raised—for the master calls, crying, "do thy work quickly, for the NIGHT COMETH!"—Come ye who would make an offering to the Lord, and sacrifice present comforts for future blessings and eternal good—"enduring the cross and despising the shame, for the joy set before you."—Leave all and follow us—*now* is the accepted time. Our Prince goeth to a far country, and says, "occupy till I come." Hark! He speaks to thee from heaven—"Has no man hired thee?"—Enter into my vineyard—ye that "are ready to halt"—"of little faith"—"doubting"—it is the ELEVENTH HOUR—"forget the things that are behind," and press forward; for it is "a *high calling*," and the reward is sure; for it is of grace and mercy bestowed—"He will give thee thy wages"—"an inheritance," "a kingdom," "a crown!"—Peace and joy "in this present life," "and in the world to come LIFE EVERLASTING."—And this commendation before his Father's

face and the angels—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Such are the terms—for further particulars inquire within your own hearts, and knock at the door of *Conscience*, and for engagement, apply "at the House of Bread in Jerusalem"—or in the highways and hedges—to the shed of the widow and fatherless—to the house of poverty and ignorance. No time to be lost.—We work for ETERNITY.

"FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY."

✂ N. B. Application may also be made to any of the directors of the "American Sunday School Union," or at several thousand of Sunday Schools throughout the cities, towns, and villages of the United States of America, or if a preference is given to foreign parts, any of the numerous missionary stations throughout the world—and in most parts of England, Wales, Ireland, France, Holland, and in the ancient city of Jerusalem.

F. H. & C.

December, 1824.

Extract from a Speech of the Rev. JOHN STUART, at the Belfast Sunday School Union.

My Lord, said Mr. S. the day has been when the utility of Sunday Schools might be questioned; but that day, like other gloomy days, is gone never to return. One of the advantages of this institution is, that it keeps active children employed on the Lord's day, and prevents them from running into mischief. In a late conversation, it was remarked that cherries were like to be scarce; a lady, who disliked Sunday Schools, exclaimed, "Yes, we may thank Sunday Schools for that." "Why? what connexion," said one present, "can exist betwixt Sunday Schools and the growth of cherries?" The lady replied, "Before such Schools were established, the boys went on Sundays and robbed bird's nests; so their numbers were thinned and our cherries allowed to grow: but there will soon not be a boy left to look for a bird's nest, and we shall not get a cherry to eat!"—I am confident there are but few in this respectable assembly who sympathize with this *cherry-loving lady*. Now, I look on this lady's censure as a perfect eulogium on the institution. We sometimes justly deduct from the praise of friendship; but when the same sentiment flows from the lips of prejudice, in the language of blame, we may give ample credit to its truth, without a tax on our gratitude. These schools do more than prevent from mischief; they enlighten the young mind; and it is remarkable what degree of Scripture knowledge some acquire. In a late Sunday School examination, the teacher mentioned that direction of the wise man, "buy the truth and sell it not." He remarked, that he that buys the truth makes a good bargain; and inquired, if any of them recollected any instance in Scripture of a bad bargain? I do, replied a boy, Esau made a bad bargain, when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain, when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." A third said, "our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain, who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." Sunday School instruction goes farther still; in many cases it renews

the heart and life. * * * * * And farther still, my Lord—Sunday School instruction has taught the young how to die. In Roscrea, in the south of Ireland, walking in the fields one evening, I observed a little girl watching clothes which were drying, while she read in a book. I asked what book do you read? "The Bible, sir." So you are fond of reading the Bible. "I am, sir." Where did you learn to read the Bible? "In the Sunday School." In what book are you reading now? "The book of Job." To other questions satisfactory answers were returned. Some time after I was called on to visit a sick person, and I was greatly struck at finding my little Sunday School friend sinking under a rapid decline. She had learned the grand outlines of gospel doctrine, what we call the plan of salvation, but she had not obtained the consolations of religion. She was encouraged to look for these, and she soon obtained them, and continued in possession of them till her last hour. Observe the process, my Lord:—the Sunday School led her to the Bible—the Bible led her to JESUS CHRIST, and JESUS CHRIST led her to Heaven.



EXTRACT FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

A CIRCUMSTANCE recently occurred with us, which was calculated to remind us forcibly of our obligations and the duty we owe to those under our care.—One of our scholars, a little boy, about ten years old, had been guilty of a fault. I reproved him, but he heeded not my reproof. This was at the morning school. In the afternoon he ran away from home, and went to play. I accidentally discovered him, and brought him to the school. I endeavored to impress upon his mind the sinfulness of his conduct; told him that it was wicked because God had forbidden it; and warned him of the consequences of disobedience. He was unmoved. I told him of the end of those children who disobey the commands of God, and disregard the instructions of their teachers. He still remained unaffected. As a mark of my displeasure, I withheld from him the reward to which he would otherwise have been entitled. At this he was offended, and said to his companions, that "he would not attend next Sunday—he would go and play all day."—On Tuesday, there was a cry that a child was drowned. I hastened to the river, and found this same little boy, just taken from the water a lifeless corpse. How did I wish for the tongue of an angel, to impress upon his surviving companions, the feelings which such a circumstance ought to excite. Never before did I feel so sensibly, the necessity of being myself taught, in order to be a teacher; nor my own incompetency to perform the duties of my station.



A CHILD belonging to the Sunday School was asked if there was any thing God could not do, replied, "Yes, Sir, GOD CANNOT LIE."

A Sunday School child was once asked what was the best evidence of being a Christian, replied with much propriety, "Conduct."—A higher authority has declared, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

An account of an examination of the children by question and answer, at the Rev. S. Kipping's Sunday School at Exeter.

After the usual custom of catechising the children, the text was given out, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." The attention of the children was directed to the person who spoke the text. A little boy said, he was "the eternal Son of God;" others said, "the Redeemer," "the everlasting Father," "the Prince of Peace." Mr. K. next considered how persons are to come to Christ. One child said, that we must "come as poor sinners," another, as "helpless sinners," not as "righteous but as needy sinners." A little girl, the least, was addressed thus, "Well my dear, you cannot write upon the subject?" "No Sir." "Who do you think is the person who speaks in the text?" "Christ, Sir." "Is it important that we go to him?"—"We shall perish if we do not." "Do you go to him?"—"I hope I do." "How?"—"Through his grace, by faith and prayer." "But suppose you was to go once or twice without obtaining your request, how would you act?"—"I would go again and again, I would go for ever but I would have it." This was said with so much vivacity of eye and countenance, that the little soul it was evident must have felt it. Perceiving the attention of the children all fixed upon me through this little creature, I said, You think then that this dear Saviour will save you at last? Yes, Sir. Now then every one of you tell me in turn, what think you of him? The ardor of all their little minds was at once perceivable. "He is, Sir," said one after another, "an able Saviour; a willing Saviour; a gracious Saviour; a ready Saviour; a justifying Saviour; the ever-blessed Saviour; a sanctifying Saviour; a Saviour that is God and man; a holy Saviour; a righteous Saviour; the Saviour of all that come unto God by him:" a dear amiable girl, with a vast deal of native modesty said, "he is an indulgent Saviour;" others, "a meek Saviour; a dying Saviour; a risen Saviour; a blessed Saviour; a pleading Saviour;" one exclaimed with a great deal of feeling, "an all-sufficient Saviour;" others, "a prayer hearing and answering Saviour; a faithful Saviour;" we had nearly exhausted our theme, when a little boy exclaimed with much gravity, "*he is the chiefest among ten thousands, and the one altogether lovely.*" Thus ended the testimonies to our blessed Redeemer, of these dear children.

Mr. K. says, my heart leaped within me for joy, the answers given were so pertinent, and admirably adapted to the questions proposed.



A SOLILOQUY—*Altered from Wesley's Preface to his Sermons.*

I AM a creature of a day; passing through life as an arrow passes through the air.

I am a spirit come from God; and returning to God;—just hovering over the great gulph of eternity, 'till I drop into that unchangeable state, and am no more seen!

I want to know one thing,—the way to heaven;—how to land safely on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way: for this very end Christ came from heaven; and hath it

written down in a book :— O give me that book : At any price give me the book of God !—I have it ;—I find in it knowledge enough for me :—Let me from henceforth be *homo unius libri* ; (a man of one book.)

Here then I am ; far from the busy ways of men : I sit down by myself ; God only is here ! In his presence I open, I read his book, and for this end—to find the way to heaven. If there is any doubt concerning the meaning of what I read ; if any thing appears dark or intricate, I lift up my heart to the “Father of light :” His book tells me—“if any lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it *shall* be given him.”

I then search after, and consider parallel passages of scripture, “comparing spiritual things with spiritual :”—I meditate thereon with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable ; and in the ardor of my research I exclaim—O my Father, is it not said in this book, “If any man do thy will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God ?” I am desirous to do it ; let me know, O my Father.



THE Quarterly Report of the Sabbath School in Hampton, was made on the 19th inst. The society in this place are becoming more alive to the interests of the Sabbath School. At the commencement of the last quarter, the school was in a low state. They had an attendance of only about sixty scholars. A meeting of the teachers was held, and a committee appointed to visit the society on the subject. Their visits were successful. On the succeeding sabbath, about one hundred children were present. The teachers were required to give them definite lessons, and to explain and enforce upon them the truths of the Bible. Since this time an increasing interest in the school has been manifest. They number on their list one hundred and fifteen scholars, and, even in this inclement season, and in a scattered society, have an average attendance of ninety-five. During the past quarter, five thousand verses of scripture have been recited, and about as many questions answered from McDowell. Their sentiment has been, that small lessons well understood, are better than large ones only well committed,—a sentiment which, we are happy to observe, is rapidly gaining ground in our schools.



SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' MAGAZINE.

THIS excellent work, we regret to learn, has come to a close. It has been published only a year ; yet, conducted with wisdom and ability, it has been highly useful. The loss of a work so valuable to the cause, is deeply to be lamented ; nor could we have expected, that in the city of New-York, it would thus have been suffered to languish for want of support.

In their concluding remarks, speaking of the VISITANT, and after wishing us success, they observe,—“Should that publication prosper, Utica will have accomplished a purpose, in which New-York has failed with all her hundred schools. The plant that has faded in our fields, will have been successfully cherished in their little garden.”

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

I saw the outcast—an abandoned boy,
Whom wretchedness, debased, might call its own—
His look was wan, and his sad, sunken eye,
Mute plender—told a bosom-harrowing tale—
For he was one, unknown to festering care,
Which should have shielded and protected him
In childhood's dangerous hour. No father's prayer
In midnight orison had risen ever
Before the viewless throne, to fall again
In blessings on the lad. No mother's tear
Had dropt in secret for the wand'rer. He,
Dejected, stood before me, and methought
Resembled much a flower, a ruined flower,
But lovely once, and might have bourgeon'd gaily,
Had not adversity's dread simoom pass'd,
And blighted all its sweets. The buds of hope
Bloom'd on—but not for him. The morning sun
Shone gladly out—but all to him was dark;
His soul was in eclipse—the energies
Of mind lay dormant, with'ring in their prime.
I look'd—but he had pass'd me;—He stole on
Despondingly, irresolute his pace,
As on forbidden ground. The world seem'd not
For him,—haply its frigid bloom were much
To yield the sufferer, misery's sheltering grave.
I saw the outcast;—but to fancy's view,
Methought a vision fair and bright appeared.
So chang'd I mus'd—but the intelligence
Darting in lustre from its mild full eye,
Assured my throbbing heart 'twas he indeed.
Gone was the sallow hue, the sombre cast
Of wretchedness, and in its stead, the glow
Of cheerfulness shone out. His parting lip
Disclor'd the smile content delights to wear,
When peace within sits revelling. His step erect,
Told of a heart at peace. He walk'd in the beauty
Of reckless boyhood. Wondering, then I ask'd
The cause. He pointed meekly to a dome
Whose hallow portals tell the passenger
That the Eternal deigns to call it His—
Known of all nations as the house of prayer.
Here, said the youth, while glistening drops bedew'd
His beauteous cheek—here pity led my way;
And he that knew no father, soon found One
Able and sure to save. And he whose tears
No mother's hand had kindly wiped away,
Found One who said, "Come! thou forsaken, come
Into my bosom—Rest, poor wanderer, here!"
He ceased—My full heart, as I went my way,
Called down God's benison on the Sunday School.

OUR readers are referred to the Western Recorder of the 23d Nov. for the Constitution of the "Oneida Sabbath School Union." Our limits permit us not to publish it at present.

ERRATUM.—The report of the Utica Sabbath School, inserted on page 52, No. 7, was a quarterly, instead of a semi-annual report.